- Prem Lengman's Magazine.
 Let others praise analysis
 And revel in a "cultured" style,
 And follow the subjective Miss*
 From Boston to the banks of Nile,
 Rejoice in anti-British bile,
 And weep for dubious hero's woe,
 These twain have shortened many a mile,
 Miss Braddon and Gaboriau.
- These damsels of "Democracy's," These quasions is "Democracy s, So long they stop at every stile; They smile, and we are tool, I was. Ten subtle reasons why they smi Give me your vitions deeply vie, Give ne Lecce, Jottera, and Co., Great artists of the ruse and wile,
- Oh, novel readers, tell me this, Can proce that's potished by the file like great Fortune's mysteries, Wet days and weary ways beguile, And man to living reconcile, false these whose every trick we know, How high the against they pile. Miss Braddon and Gaborian !

Ah, friend, how many and many a while They've made the alow time fleetly flow, And soluced pain and charmed exile, Miss Braddon and Gaborian.

*These lines denot apply to Miss Annie P. (or Daisy) Miller, and her designiful sisters, Cades address mesons, in the pocket Mition of Mr. James's novels, if ever I go to Gades.—A. L.

NOBLE BLOOD.

A STORY. BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Unexpectedness, contrast, a certain touch of mystery-these are accessories to beauty which no young lady need despise; and they were all present in the instance which had suddenly fixed the attention of Mr. Owen Ambrose. The face, moreover, had for him the additional charm of awakening a reminiscence; it recalled a portrait, by Palma Vecchio, of an Italian lady of rank. Ambrose had indulged a sentimental passion for that portrait during his recent sojourn in Italy; and now he could imagine himself in the Fifteenth Century. under the window of a Venetian palace, from which his mistress smiled down on him-and she did really smile!

But the smile was the only part of the situation in which imagination was not involved. Ambrose was not in Italy, but in a land much less frequented, though not less ancient. The century was not the fifteenth, but the nineteenth; and the face belonged, not to the daughter of a Doge, but to. . Ah! That was the question.

She smiled upon Ambrose; of so much he wa certain; she tapped her white chin nonchalantly with her closed fan : and then-not abruptly, but in a lazy and imperial manner, well in keeping with her appearance-she withdrew into th shadow, and vanished. After gazing for a while at the dark vacancy which the fair face had just filled, Ambrose winked his eyes, and fetched a long breath. Had any face at all been there? It could not have been a ghost, because there are no ghosts; but there are optical illusions, and subjective hallucinations, that practically answer almost as well. Perhaps, then, the apparition of a lovely woman's face at the ruined window of an uninhabited house, was the involuntary reproduction of an impression formerly domesticated in that region of the brain or nerve centres assigned to the function known as memory. Ambrose had seen the dark square of the window, and had hypothecated the recollection of the Italian portrait to fill it. At all events, the vision had been a vivid one,warm flesh and blood itself could not have been more so. But then the house, or eastle (it was as much like a castle as anything), must have been in ruins for generations; the window was high above the ground; the staircase had probably been destroyed ages ago; the very fact of the resemblance of the face to the portrait was against its reality. "No, it was an illusion?" said Ambrose to himself, rather gratified than otherwise at being the subject of so agreeable a visitation.

At the same time, of course, he knew very well that he had seen no vision, but something as substantial as himself. He had seen it, not through the deceptive veil of twilight, but in the clear illiamination of a summer afternoon. He was not a dreamer, nor a poet, but a man of the world and of founded to put an end to hallucinatious of all kinds.

And yet, I don't know," said Ambrose again, after another look upward at the empty aperture, with its mullioned frame of stone. "No doubt the place is haunted,—all the old places in this country are so. And what if the ghost chooses to appear in day.—more heartiful eyen than the Palma Verchio. She may enlture,-a citizen of the great Republic which was be the wraith of some noble Italian refugee. Such people used to come here, three hundred years ago. And no wonder! Where, in Italy or any other country, is there a scene more lovely than this, with its blue harbor, its steep hills, its fishing boats with mellow sails, its grey old houses, rising one above another from the water's edge! Genoa is less picturesque; Venice is not so soft and rich in color. I mean to settle down here! Chance brought me hither, and chance and I were always friends. And why should I not rent this ramshackie old castle to set up my studio in ? If the ghost will only sit to me, Palma Vecchio should have a nme-

teenth century rival! "What a sumptuous air she had?" resumed the young man, seating himself on one of those fences, half stone and half turf, which are characteristic of the South of Ireland. " Such a pearly purity of the carnations; and such a fine poco curante gesture with ber fan! If she be not a ghost, she is some chance visitor, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Such a creature never came to life in this temote corner of the world. That girl has noble blood in her veius; she was nurtured in the lap of an antique, over-ripe civilization. She's the sister of Lucrezia Borgia: of Titian's Bella Donna: of Petrarch's. . . no, not of her, nor of Dante's Beatrice either! But who was that wife of Dominico Silvio, who was so celebrated, eight hundred years ago, for her luxurious and voluptuous habits? That is the type of this splendid ghost of mine. What a subtle stroke of hers to relieve her beauty against this rustic and ruinous Irish background! more telling than Venetian brocades, fretted gold, and polished marble. She has the true artistic Italian soul. But can a ghost have a soul ?-Well, when my easel is up, I shall learn that from her own superb lips, Superb lips! and how superbly they smiled-the

upper's disdainful curve. And the chin-the ivery prow of that grand barge, her head! The eyes, too -what an arch, a sweep, a glance! Blue they must have been, with that pearly complexion and long dark eyebrows; but they looked black at me -to me, rather: for the smile was in them, despite their haughtiness. How did she wear her hair!-Can't say; it melted into the darkness behind her. But what a throat she had-white, smooth, firm! And such sindows! I remember an ear, too: small, well set on, carrying up the line of the chin: full breadth of the lobe below; none of your flimsy. bloodiess, nervous, squeamish ears! She is a princess from top to toe,-though I saw her only to her waist. But the way she withdrew from the window showed what her figure and gait must be: noble composed, stately; a nature whose tranquillity betrays its passion. A' good deal of physical splendor for a ghost; I wish women still incarnate

lower jutting forth so generously beneath the

pled from Ambrose's point of view, it was difficult for him to determine whether the narrow front before him were a façade, a wing, or merely an outlying portion of a main building situated somewhere out of his present range of vision. For, as he sat on the wall opposite, the foundations of the structure were on a level with his head,-the wond skirt-

Owing to the peculiarity of the position it ocen-

had a tithe as much!

ing the side of the hill, and the edifice crowning the bank on the higher side of the road. It was flanked on both sides by a six-foot wall, which (added to the elevation of the bank) hindered any one from seeing what was on the farther side. As Owen Ambrose looked up at the tower-like pile, therefore, it stood out against the sky, and appeared detached and solitary. It was built of the grey stone comand softary. It was built of the grey stone com-mon in that region, which has the peculiarity of making the structure composed of it look as if hewn out of solid rock. This semblance is caused by the crumbling or correding of the surface, afford-ing ready foothold to mess and lichens, whereby the junctures of the blocks, are concealed. The lower was four-sided, and was, indeed, more like a

compliment. "This tower has a ghost, I suppose ?" Ambrose continued. "Some spectre, wrapped in a shroud, with a bleeding gash across its throat?"

"Maybe there is, sir," said Molly, recovering the severe deliberation of her manner, and turning to

leave the room. "And maybe you'd like to be after making game of us, with your ghosts and your gashes! There's other things haunts places, sir, besides what wears white shrouds; and a deal more dangerous, too, if you was to meet 'em. What wine will you be drinking, sir, if you please !"

please, and I'll drink your health in it, if you allow "Indeed, then, I daresay my health will be none the worse for it, so as I don't drink any myself," replied the maiden, retiring. But at the door she partly turned, and sent back a twinkle from her

"For one so young and handsome, you're the

sternest woman I know, Molly. I'll drink claret,

tall narrow house than a tower, because, instead of the ordinary machicolalions, it was surmounted by a gable. Manifestly it was very ancient; it spread out somewhat towards the base, so that the lines that should have been vertical were slightly curved. It had once been covered with plaster, on which arabesques had been moulded in telief; but this had fallen of long ago, save in one or two spots; and had probably been added at a date long subsequent to the first erection of the building. There were two windows; the small multioned window at which the face had shown itself, and a much larger window below, now choked up with vegetation and rubbish. In the space between was an heraldic device, carved in stone of a more enduring texture than that used in the bulk of the building. It was probably the arms of the family; but Ambrose was unable to decupher them. The actual height of the tower might have been fifty feet; and standing so high above the road, it commanded a prospect of singular boveliness.

The conformation of the harber was like an irregular horseshee, one limb communicating with the sea, while the other prolonged itself in a broad tidat river. A high, rugged promontory divided these two branches. Steep and loftly hills surrounded the harber, amphitheatre-wise; the town was at the apex of the curve, the houses mounting, as it were, on one another's shoulders. The site was Genoa-like upon a small scale. But there were no palaces and no marble. The houses were built of grey stone; the roofs were of grey slate; grey was everywhere the prevailing tone. Yet Ambrose had never beheld a scene in which the glow of color was atone so intense, so varied, and so soft. He determined henceforth to base all his pictures upon grey. Nothing else gives effects of such tranquil and tender brilliance, or admits so wide a gamut of lines. The scene was like fragments of rainbow reflected in a silver mirror; or the aritumnal foliage of Owen's native land echood in the stillness of a lake; or the revelation of splendid facult eye that more than compensated for her sternness. The excellence of the dinner could not prevent Ambrose from continuing to meditate upon the episode of the afternoon. He had been perambulating Europe for several years with no more definite object than to develop his artistic tendencies; and had got so far (few artists get further) as to put an individual tone and quality into his pictures: had explored various branches of painting, and had at length come to the conclusion that the line that suited him best was the portrayal of character, such character as Hogarth'satirized and Rembrandt loved "Human nature is good enough for me!" came to be one of his sayings, when confronted with the masterpieces of Perugino, Raphael, Burne Jones or Frederic Leighton. He avoided conventionalism with a conscious avoidance; thinking about his incerity sometimes made him insincere. Human nature is brute nature, save in so far as it is Divine

quiet nature.

Lit by the westerly sun, the hillside on the right nature; and Ambrose was (theoretically) readier to dwell upon the brute than upon the Divine side of lay warm in green and brown, and the lonnging contours of the acclivities met at their highest point in the sharp angularity of a square church-tower, relieved against the sky. In sheltered nooks below i. In reality, however, he was more fastidious and aristocratic than many of those whom he rallied for in the sharp angularity of a squire content-tower, relieved against the sky. In sheltered nooks below nestled white-faced cottages, drawing the brim of their sing thatches low down over their windows. Meanwhile, on the molten bosom of the harbor, fishing-boats, like mighty birds with swarthy wings folded, lay moored to their own shadows in the liquid calm; their spars like rods of gold in the sunlight; the ropes and shrouds gleaming like threads of precious metal. And when the boats swing slowly round with the turning tide, the sails that had been so dark in shadow started at once into breadths of light and color, and the swarthy hulls caught sheeny gleams. White seagalls sailed in long flights above the harbor, or fluttered with scream and chatter on the surface. Above the town was a barracks, inclosing a square, in which was a red appearance, severely rectilinear, though constantly in movement; in fact, the English garrison on parade. And now, from the midst of that scarlet array, streamed forth a splendid strain of music. It throbbed along the still atmosphere, and uch infirmities; and his pictures, though rustic and homely externally, always illustrated some refined idea which lifted them in sentiment above the plebeianism of their appearance. The spectator might not penetrate this spiritual significance; but Ambrose could not have painted the picture save

from that conception. Such as he was, Ambrose had wandered from place to place, telling himself that he would settle down somewhere and begin serious work: but he had never found the right spot. He was tired of Paris, and cared not for the astounding cievernes of French art; it was better than nature, and nature was good enough for him. He was weary of London: the climate was moral, physical and artissearlet array, streamed forth a splendid strain of music. It throbbed along the still atmosphere, and the listening hills suffered not a note to escape. It expressed the soul and secret of the scene; it, too, was redolent of color and harmony. Ambrose heard it to the end, and sighed with pleasure.

"It's almost too much for mortal man," said he. "When, before now, was music given in such a concert hall as this? After all, that face could exist nowhere but here. She is the genius—the humanization—of the place! And to think that it should be reserved for me to discover Ireland—and her?" tic death: there was nothing there except the Na tional Gallery, and that was too respectable in some moods. Should he return to America? "I shall be going back before long," was his reply when he or others asked this question; and he had been mak ing this reply for the last four or five years. He wished to paint some important work, whence he could look forward, and to which he could look back. Then he might return to America with a good grace, and hold a position there. But he had not as yet discovered where the great picture was to be painted, or what was to be its subject. Partly by accident, partly stimulated by the unfavorable eport of an acquaintance who had been there, he came at last to Ireland, and strayed down to the the heavenly cannon warned Ambrose of what was remote village where he now was, and of which he to come, and he resolved to retreat. The spot to had never heard. As soon as he saw it, he felt sure that this was the spot where, if anywhere, the great which he had climbed (attracted from afar by the picture was destined to be produced. He ramble picture was destined to be produced. He rambiced about all day, gazing at everything and everybody, and seeing nothing that he did not like; and last of all he had found the tower, and the face at the window. The tower should be his studio; the face —if it were substantial enough to endure being painted—should be the soul of his picture!

He finished his claret, rose from table, and went the scale of the product of the pro rival the night before. With a final glance upward

II.

So many clouds had robed themselves in glory to

ttend the setting sun, that when that luminary

ad departed they could do no less than get up a

thunder-storm among themselves. The long roll of

ruined tower) was the crest of the height at the ex-

reme left of the town, and was about a mile dis

tant from the inn at which he had put up on his ar

at the mullioned window-which looked the more

leserted from having been of late so imperially

nanted-he set off down the steep road in haste

But the deluge caught him just as he reached the

thence to the inn door, the inmost stitch of his gar-

"Is this your way of treating strangers!" he

"Sure, sir, you'll soon be after getting used to it,"

"Get used to it!-tell me, Molly, are the women

Molly contemplated him for a moment warily,

own-stairs, murmuring.
"Yes," soliloquized Owen, reclothing himself in

soft breezes, giorify him with halos of sunshine;-

ized. A Cleopatra of a climate-as unaccountable

aps the foundations of your conscience and char-

cter. Seven years of it would make an Irishman

out of a Krim-Tartar. It explains the history of

Ireland and the disposition of her innabitants. It

osom, or abandoning it, mourn for it ever after, yet

"What a divine night! Is that face at the

would look beneath the moon, and how paiely

luminous those cheeks! What story did I read of a

-ne doubt of that! Well, I must make inquiries."

The fishing season being over, Ambrose had the

nn pretty much to himself, and, at dinner, was the

ole occupant of the coffee-room. Accordingly,

when Molly came in to set the table, he improved

"Molly, are there many girls in Ireland as good-

The corners of Molly's mouth began to widen;

attention to the accurate placing of the knife and

fork upon the cioth. Then she rested her hands on

"Good-looking, is it? Indeed, then, 'twill be a

bad day for Ireland when there's no girls in it better

"Yes, but not many girls with hair like yours,

"My hair covers my head as well as any, faith,"

returned Molly, passing her hand over her ruddy

braids not disapprovingly, "It does me well

"The O'Hea's. And you'll find no older nor better

"Was it an O'Hea who built the tower on the

"The tower on the hill, is it? Forninst the old

"Indee!, then, the O'Heas had nothing to do with

"Not just there at all events. But sure 'tis no

tower at all, but just the end was left off the house.

and wasn't it his ancestor built it? three hundred

years ago or may be more than that. But the

O'Heas will be ten times longer in Ireland than

"Cadogua? That's not an Irish name, Molly,

It sounds more Italian, or Spanish-nations that had hardly come into existence when your ancestors, Molly, had been already Kings of Ireland for

two thousand years. Ah. Molly, were I King of

Ireland, where could I find a woman so fit as you to

be its Queen? You wear the crown of red gold

"Arrah, go wan out of that?" retorted Molly,

smiling and nodding; for she had too much humor

not to be diverted by the extravagance, and too

much feminine sensibility not to be pleased by the

Mr. Cadogna 'twas that lived there, before he died;

looking than me! And husbands for 'em, what's

he corners of the table and said :

Molly. It's the true auburn, or brighter."

nough, and has my ancestors before me."

" With two windows, one above and-"

" Who were your ancestors, Molly \mathfrak{k}^{α}

name than that, not in Munster!"

"And nobody lives in it now !"

fort, do you mean ?"

that will come to."

it at all!

the opportunity.

more!

looking as you are?"

know that to return to it would be to die!

ents made acquaintance with water.

was her smiling reply.

ere like the weather ?"

coat and hat, to hang them up in the kitchen.

to the window. The moon and stars were having t all their own way in the clear sky. Ambrose took his hat and cane, lit a cigar, and salled forth. The narrow, rambling street was nulighted, save bottom of the hill; and in the three hundred yards for the conbeams, and an occasional fallow candle, throwing its rays from the interior of a candie, knowing its rays from the interior of a shop. He passed at intervals a woman in a voluminous cloak, barefooted; a group of chattering children, batless and shoeless; a couple of burly fishermen, sauntering along shoulder to shoulder. The high houses leaned toward one another across the street, as if asking one another who was this stranger that invaded their privacy. Gray, boary and soft in the moonlight looked their venerable faces; deep and dark were the shadows lorking mysteriously beneath their gables and archways, and do yn the crevie-like alleys that divided them here and there. sked of the chambermaid who took his dripping then turned away with a toss of her head, and went dryness, "that's about the size of it. The climate a climate, in short, which so bewilders, upsets, disconcerts, amazes and enchants a man that he presently becomes irretrievably reckless and demoraland as irresistible. Its faults are as alluring as its virtues; it inspires and rejuvenates your material. port, and exhibitrates your spirits, while it subtly

trophe.
The street turned to the left, and, ascending, left The street turned to the left, and, ascending, left the town beneath. As he breasted the ascent, Ambrose felt the air grow perceptibly cooler and fresher, Arrived in the upper regions, he saw a dim haze resting on the roofs of the houses and creeping along the narrow ways. It was a mist too thin to be perceived save at a distance; if you approached it, it vanished like a spectre. The moonlight moulded it into vagne ghostly forms; here and there the light of a lamp glowed redly through it. Beyond and above meanwhile rose the high dark outline of the hill on the other side of the harbor; and over all a vast moony sky. Ambrose walked is the climate of the most picture-que, most winning and most fatal country in the world; he who born in it will either languish vainly on its mullioned window now? How dark those eyes and over all a vast moony sky. Ambrose v on with his bead in the air, oreathing in dew grance and purity. As the road still bore left with turf walls on either side, partly over man who lost his heart to a ghost? My heart is lost with furl wars on either size, partly overgrown with gorse, he saw that he was making the circuit of the hill-top against whose scaward side the town was built. Now, looking eastward, his gaze traversed a heaving mass of mountainous ground, to the broad horizon of the ocean itself, and, standing motionless, he heard—or fancied he heard—the roar of the endless conflict between the white surf and the coal-black rocks of the shore. Resuming his walk, he descended by goutle gradations, and presently found himself, again in view of the harbor. Finally he emerged on a broad terrace, with an avenue of great trees, and a stone parapet along its brink, which overhung the town.

"This is the ideal place", thought Ambrose, "for emeting the ghest scene in Hamlet. Shakespeare must have had this in his mind. Let me see 1—here stood Horatio, Bernardo and the Prince; and yonder—yes, yonder, down the gloom and glimmer of the broad walk, now invisible for a moment, now but she corrected this weakness, and gave serious

As Ambrose's eyes sharpened themselves to answer this question, he felt that pecaliar a susation at the roots of the hair which sometimes accombanies expectant horror. He was standing beside the stone parapet, in the shadow of one of the large trees; the name was coming down the walk at the other end of the terrace. At first 't had been moving so slowly that he had mistaken it or the shifting play of light upon the high wall that bounded the walk on that side. But the next moment it altered its gait so as to leave no doubt as to its human semblance. It advanced until it reached the corner of the walk; then it paused. The meonlight fell full upon it, but the destance was too great for Ambrose to distinguish the features. The figure was that of a woman, chad in a silvery robe of white and grey. Ambrose fancied that its gaze was fixed upon him; and presently it again set itself in motion, and came straight toward him, but with a wavering pace, at one moment flitting betward rapidly, then coming almost to a standstill. Ambrose remained entirely without movement, his whole consciousness absorbed in his gaze. The heavy shadows of the trees, falling at short intervals across the pathway, made it difficult to get a consistent impression of the figure, but the artist could discern the nobility of one moment fitting forward rapidly, then coming almost to a standstill. Ambrose remained entirely without movement, his whole consciousness absorbed in his saze. The heavy shadows of the troes, failing at short intervals across the pathway, make it difficult to get a consistent empression of the figure; but the artist could discern the mobile to figure; but the artist could discern the mobile to figure that the artist could discern the mobile to figure that the artist could discern the mobile to figure that the artist could discern the mobile to figure the name of the young man. It was not asked on the was ide, where the creek that figure the name of the young man. It had not been borne in on him what he was to see, and his presentment was not astray. Within the names of him the figure show the presentment was not astray. Within the names of him the figure show one figure that the artist of the young man. It was not astray. Within the name of two the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the young man, the him to be not constructed in the figure that the artist of the young man. It was not astray. Within the name of the young man, the him the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the young man, the him to be not constructed in the figure of the young man. It was not astray. Within the name of the young man, the him to be not constructed the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the young man, the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the young man, the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the young of the young man, the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the young of the young man, the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the young of the young man, the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the presentment was not astray. Within the name of the presentment was not astray. Within the na

beside his pillow, purring, but ready, if he stirfed, to spring at his throat with fangs and claws.

III

Next morning Ambrose arose at sunrise. It had showered during the early dawn, but now the sky was cloudless, the grass sparkled with drops, and the roads were enamelled with wetness, so that, looking sunward, they appeared like paths of burnished gold and silver. The harbor was a dazzle of two suns, one rising upward, one sinking downward n the still water. This dazzle was barred across

with the blurred dark of intervening headlands; the enith opened its vast azure to receive the mounting light. The base of the hills and the osom of the harbor were spiritualized by a delicate white mist, which hovered like the dust of diamond roadways, and was gently chased and laid in long swathes by the slanting sunrays. The tiny hamlets on the further coast lay in transparent shadow, but avering stems of bluish smoke mounted from their aneys till the sunshine illuminated them. Near at hand the moisture dropping from the roofs of the onses fell in sparkling lines from eaves to baseent, whence they sparkled upward again, so that each grey old front seemed veiled with threaded gems. Color, color, glowing and palpitating and acreasing everywhere! And now came winding rough the splendor the jocuad call and swell and carol of the bugle from the soldiers' quarters above

the town. "Yes, this is good enough for me!" said Ambrose, as he gazed and breathed. "I would sit up with a thost every night for the sake of sucking in this in

He went down to breakfast, where he was serve with a fish so fresh as to be almost indecent, and with eggs that had seen so little of the world that seemed as if they must have been laid right into e boiling water.

"Did you sleep well lass night, sir ?" Molly inquired; and there was something in the way she asked this question, balancing her empty tray between her hands, and tilting herself from one foot to the other, that indicated a purpose of following up Ambrose's reply with a rejoinder.

Well," said Ambrose cautiously, " I did have a urious dream, Molly: I think a ghost has been unting me since I came here." That's what I thought likely, sir," responded

she with gravity; " but make your mind easy; sure won't be after haunting you any more at all !" What do you know about it ? Molly, are you a witch f

"Arrah, then, you'll find I'm right;" said Molly, adding her head with deep significance; and she vould vouchsafe no explanation. But Ambrose ispected her of being a profound humorist, to shom the interior of millstones was revealed.

After breakfast he remounted the hill, to obtain a ore comprehensive survey of the town. Having rst assured himself that there was no face at the indow, he followed the high wall till he came to a rner, which he turned. The wall presently subded to less than half its previous height, and Amrose, looking over it, at once comprehended the situation.

In an inclosed space of five or six acres stood a arge house, built on two sides of a square, the other wo sides being occupied by stables and outhouses. he southern wing of the house, though manifestly ld, was in good repair, and bore evidence of being nhabited,-such as curtains half drawn, vines and wers trained about the windows, smoke ascendor from the kitchen chimney, and a few towels and able-cloths spread out to dry on some bushes near the kitchen door. But the other wing presented a ifferent aspect; it was in rums, and all available revices in the walls, and the recesses of the doors and windows, were shaggy with the vegetation that rew life from the old building's decay; and from the great clustered chimney that dominated one end of the roof waved the branches and foliage of a small tree. The northernmost end was protracted intil it met the high wall bounding the estate on that side, and, an extra story having been added to it, it formed the tower-like structure which had first attracted Ambrose's attention from below. But he house as a whole was as picturesque as the town itself, and with a broader and more human picpresqueness. The silent history of many ger tions was written all over it, and there was something impressive in the union of the living dwelling with the dead one: it filled out the symbolism of

mortal existence. Along the seaward frontage of the little estate were fifteen or twenty fine old limes, the home of some hundred obtrusively noisy and sociable rooks, If these birds were any color but black, they would not have the effrontery to be so obstreperous; but black coats, that the rooks only have to look as if they were going to say, "Respect my cloth, sir!" and we succumb at once. There were also five or six magples. whose aspect and behavior are alone sufficient to suggest the theory and doctrine of witchcraft. No other living thing was visible, except an aged man, whose costume partook impartially of the characteristics of the sailor and the husbandman. He was hobbing along toward the well, with an arthen vessel in his hand, the sight of which made Ambrose stare.

I saw the twin of that water-jar on the head of a fellah-woman in Egypt last year," said he. "Let me see! Oh, yes; the Moors brought them to Spain, and the Spaniards brought them here. By the way, are these people-Cadogua, was it !-really Spanish ! I will inquire of the ancient nondescript." "Hallo, sir!" he called out, leaving over the wall.

Does this shilling belong to you? Thus invited, the ancient nondescript waddled up, examined the coin, and seemed to recognize it.

He pocketed it, and said: "Thank yer honor, sir! Fine day to yer honor!"

"What is your name?" "Tim Flynn, yer henor."

" Is your master at home, Tim !"

" Where is he?" "Rest his sowt, sor, he's dead." "Ah! Is your mistress at home?"

" Cone to Lunnon, sor. "When will she return ?"

" In a month, sor."

" Nobody at home, then ?" " Sure there is, sor."

" Who Ye " Miss Fitzgerald, sor." "Ah! Miss Fitzgerald!" The heart of Ambrose beat with a pleasurable sensation. What if Miss Fitzgerald should turn out to be . . . 7 Fitzgerald was a good name in the South of Ireland; and it

But could she-that is, Miss Fitzgerald-be here "Tim, who else is at home besides Miss Fitzger-

sounded young, beautiful, sumptuous, princess-like!

ald f" " No one in life, ver honor," "Ah! Is she-does she receive company ?"

"She does at times, sor." "I mean, would she object to my calling on her?"

" I'll inquire, sor." "Hold on, Tim! Take this card. Give it to Miss Fitzgerald, with my compliments, and say I will do

that sort. There are lovely girls with no better names Patience-J shall know to-morrow!" These reflections made Ambrose feel quite young

and innocent again (he was three-and thirty). At the margin of the harbor he found a ferry-boat,-a punt rowed by a couple of decayed fishermen, one of whom pulled his ear in the usual way, while the other stood up and waggled his to and fro, like a fish's tail, over the stern. There were two other passengers besides himself: a girl, who might have peen pretty had the dirt been transcarent enough to render her face visible; she had wavy brown hair blowing about her cheeks, and were, by way of a loak, the skire of an old gown,-the waist caught on the back of her head, and the hem of the garment descending as far as her hips. The other passenger was an urchin of ten, with a very bright pair of eyes, though one of them squinted andaciously; bare head and feet, and clad in a suit of clothes that looked as if it had been buried ten years in a farm-yard, and the area of whose apertures exceeded that of the material. This boy—his name was Jim—was restless and active in mind and body; he walked on the gunwale, hopped from one thwart to another, lent a hand at the oar, and had plenty to say to everybody. To Ambrose he prefered a request for "the price of a breakfast." All the time he kept up a vigorous and not unmusical whistling. Ambrose observed him with the eye of a utilitariau. passenger was an urchin of ten, with a very bright

atilitarian.
"If I took a spade and dug him out of his mud," "If I took a spade and dig ", in out of its made of some-thought he, " and got nim clothes made of some-thing better than rotten fish-netting, and trained him a little, he'd do to keep my den in order, and carry canvases and paint-boxes, "Jim," he said aloud, " be outside the inn door day after to-morrow, and I may have the price of another break-

morrow, and I may have the price of another break-fast for you."

"God save you, sor, so I will!" Jim cheerfully re-plied; "and, if you plase, sor, I'll maybe be after wanting a taste of breakfast to-morrow as well." But when Ambrose solemnly shock his head, Jim tipped a cross-eyed wink at the girl in the petticoat-cloak, and fell to whisting as gleefully as if the spirit of a dozen breakfasts was in his soul, as well as the price of one in his nocket.

spirit of a dozen breakfasts was in his soul, as well as the price of one in his pocket.

Landing on the neck of the promontory, Ambrose stumbled over a rough and fishy mound of shingle, and struck into a road which followed the bank of the river for a mile, and then, bearing to the east, brought him to the other sufe of the peninsula, and full in view of the ocean, which rolled in uninterruptedly from Newfoundland to the Bay of Biscay, and burst in mellow thunder against a rocky islet that guarded the cutrance of a narrow, sandy cove. At the end of the cove was a quaint hamlet of half a dozen cottages, one or two in ruins.

that guarded the entrance of a narrow, sandy cove. At the end of the cove was a quaint hamlet of half a dozen cottages, one or two in ruins.

No ruin is more simple and forforn than that of an Irish cabin. Roof and ridge-note are gone; nothing remains but the gable ends and the low walls connecting them, cushioned with moss and grass. Once abandoned, no one meddles with them, till time and weather crumble them to dust. The cotter who builds his habitation within arm's reach of the ruin, will berrow no materials from it. It is as sacred as a grave would be. They are hieroglyphics, in which one phase of Irish history is eloquently written—and volubly too.

"Where are they who lived in them?" Ambrose asked himself. "Not all dead, sursiy. Gone to America! The fellow in the torn hat and ragged breeches who built this cabin is now a distinguished imember of the New-York Legislature; his son is at Harvard; his daughter at Saratoga. Why not?"
He sat down on the brink of a low clift, against whose base the wayes foamed, and fixed his eyes upon a vessel, steering westward, with the sun upon her sails: and he entered a long vista of reveries; at the end of which he saw the figure of Miss Fitzgerald advancing toward him in the costume of a Venetian Duchess.

To be Conlineed.

To be Continued. THE MODERN NOAH.

THE MODREN NOAH.

Great Barrington Correspondence Lockester Democrat.

At the foot of the high mountain called Torn Ball, in the northeast part of Alford, has resided for thirteen years Aaron Arnold and his wife, a respectable worthy couple, possessed of some little property. Arnold came to Alford from Troy, N. Y., and located where he now is. He was a sailor years ago, circumnavigating the globe in quest of whales. He well understood all the mysteries of a sailor's life, and was skilled as a ship-carpenter. Having no children and feeling lonely, twelve years ago he conceived the idea of building a steamboat. Though not large in dimensions, this was accomplished, and the boat was taken to the Hudson River, where it is now used as a tug, towing barges up and down the river. This feat so increased his passion for shipbuilding that eight years ago, though twenty miles from tide-water, among the marble chiffs of Alford, in his door-yard back of his residence he had the keel. This he soon removed to an old barn near by. In secret he worked, but few of the neighbors knowing anything about it until this spring, when the boat being finished except the masts, he tore down the barn and revealed to the astonished gaze of passers a well-made, two-masted schooner, there tons burden. The boat was correct in all ner proportions, and of solid old oak. Hundreds visited if, and he obtained the soubriquet of the Modern Noah.

The strongest trucks and four-team horses were obtained to draw it to the Hudson, and after working two days the boat was taken to the roadside, when, owing to its great weigh,—some nine tons—the iron axies of the truck bent and the teams could go no further. The attempt was for the time abundoned, and it began to be whispered that Noah's Ark would be left to decay, not on Araru, but at the foot of Ton Ball, as a monument to the soallor who was unwise enough to open a navy yard high and dry in Alford. Mr Arnold offered a neighbor \$50 to draw the boat to the Hudson, and it is trucks strong enough could be obt

neighbor soft to draw the boat to the transch, and its reported that the offer was accepted, and that trucks strong enough could be obtained at Pittsfield; but this scheme has been nipped in the bud, for, last night, the boat was set on fire and totally destroyed. Various rumors are afloat about it. The opinion of Arnold's best friends has been that he had an elephant on his hands. As he is not supposed to have an enemy in the world, some think he or some member of his family had been wise enough to rid themselves of the burden, which might have been the means of trightening horses and doing damage while in transit to tide water. It is also reported that Arnold has passed sleepless inghits and frombiesome days regarding the prospective failure of ever again snihng the bring deep in a craft of his own construction. As he had set his heart on it, a few friends fear it may affect his mind, as he is now some seventy years old, and a large portion of his fortune has been swallowed up in eight years labor and expense. Others think, however that a wealthy stater has compensated him for the boat by a cash gift or deed of the honestead where Arnold resides. Be these rumors trae or false, the sturdy schooner will never float the sould. trace or false, the sturdy schooner will never float the noble Hudson, her sails will never catch the breeze and Arnold will never said the briny des, in his own

MR. BARRETT'S PROPOSED THEATRE.

London letter to The Philadelphia Inquirer.

"I propose," says Barrett, inving aside his eigar, and looking at me in his characte.irie, carnest way." to make some return to the American people for all they have done for me. I have learned a great deal in London, and not a little from the align and example of our dear and great-souled friend trying. The bies was with me when I came to London, for I invited another American actor, a gentleman of a noble ambition and of line cultivation, to join me in giving to New-York a theatre in which we would eminist the art example of Henry Irving. cultivation, to join me in giving to New-York a theatre in which we would emminte the art example of Henry Irving, and carry on in our country the work he has done in his. My brother artist said yes to my proposal, and a great capitalist offered to join us; but it is during my stay in London that I have finally resolved to earry out the idea, and you may consider the work begin."

"Great news and good," I answer, "and I think the surprise will be as agreeable to my readers as it is to put." be as agreeable to my readers as it is to me."
the of the new theatre is fixed upon. Its policy
high as that of the Lyceum or Comedie Fran-

calse."

"You may have to make great sacrifices," I remark, "In the establishment of such a theatre."

"There are no sacrifices great enough to dannt me. So sacrifices that I could not and would not make in such a cause. I cause imagine a higher amount on at this immement has to be identified with the beginning of what I catise. I cannot imagine a higher amolilon at this moment han to be identified with the beginning of what I connective to be a new era for our art in America; and to feel that in return for the position my people have given me I have not only not lowered the standard of dramatic art, but that I have raised it to a higher platform than that upon which I found it, and littled it into a purer atmosphere than that which surrounded it when first I devoted my hamble talents to the public service. Perhaps these words may sound grandlloquent in dear old solor London; but most things are finished here. It almost seems so, anyhow, in art; in our country we are on the threshold of the temple and we must be excused if some of us are inclined to speak in the language of enthusiasm. There, the murder is out. You know the secret—a new theatre with an ambitious management that means to take over the sacred lamp from Irving and the Lyceum, earlying on the succession in Fitth-ave., New-York, and thence right through the United States."

THE PROVIDENTIAL SPRING.

Correspondence of the long State Register.
On the west side of the stockade near the orth gate is the noted "providential spring," that broke ut one August morning when the water in the creek had ecome so filthy as to be no longer endurable. The story as

THE FASHIONS.

GOODS AND PATTERNS FOR THE SUMMER.

OLD STYLES REVIVED-LACE FREELY USED-SILKS AND SATINES - TRAVELLING COSTUMES-HATS AND BONNETS.

Nexer has fashion been more prodigal in garniture than now. Cotton fabrics break out in frills, shadows and etchings of the fails and shades of lace with which they are so abundantly trimmed that the graceful dress material is half concealed. Among other welcomes new is the fact that abroad black costumes are no longer seen in summer. Those who have been condemned heretofore by fashion, to wear through the extreme best of milaumors with load black croadings as a called of midsummer silk lined black greundines, or so-called summer silks, are by no means indifferent to the revival of these light and charming fabrics that are besides inexensive, and in some instances the reverse of that very flue quality which has been a necessity. But the material itself loses its identity in the style and grace given by the modiste, and the abundance of lace that covers it. White evening dresses are extremely costly, two or three hundred dollars' worth of lace trimning not being considered an extravagance, and their seasty is enhanced by the gleam of soft tinted sifk beneath, upon which the creamy mull, organdic, striped gauze, or nuns' veiling is mounted. Lace is no longer eserved for exclusive occasions, but is seen in its greatest perfection in the multiplicity of fichus, ties and plastrons, descending the entire length of a skirt, and valuable lace is cunningly utilized without cutting or injuring their beauty.

OLD STYLES REVIVED. The flounces of a past fashion, the shawl point, or any ther style, is modernized and made useful. Among the old styles respectated are bretelles of velvet and lace worn over the also old fashioned white muslin spencers. The bretelles are about three inches wide, gradually diminishing at the waist, then continued down and comdiministring at the worst, then continued down and com-pleted with jet passementeries and lace. As bretelles lend a slenderness to the figure, they are especially be-coming to large persons. Still another old fancy has been revived, the Swiss peasant bodice made pointed and laced up in front over a white or other colored waist.

Some charming little models are seen in black jetted silk and velvet, and also in colors.

SATINES. The cotton satines are equal in beauty and finish to the outlands and Corah silks. The creamy, pearl, faintly tinted goods afford a charming relief to the flowers that are painted upon them. On a pale gray or water blue are painted upon them. ground the large brown lilles, fleur de lis or thips lie as if made of velvet in high relief. These are combined with plain soft India silks that help to complete the deception, the cotton fabric so perfectly resembles the silks.

These cool and beautiful costumes are made up quite as elaborately as their more costly rivals. One of these has a pearl-blue ground strewn with large golden-brown an-num leaves fleeked with the black of decay; the graceful draperies and skirt are half hidden in soft lace trimmings and the velvet ribbon bows of the same shade as the autumn leaves. Another satine of faint eera ground has a design of brown twigs with long linnated leaves of shaded tints. This polonaise, trimmed elaborately with eern lace, is draped over a brown velveteen skirt. The French satine is finer and more instrous than that of American manufacture; the latter is therefore less ex pensive. The finest of the imported satines ranks equally in price with the French summer silks. One of nose has small bunches of rosy apples and white daisles tied together strewn over the pale-blue ground; the basque has a small collar and cuifs of velvet of the same shade of blue; there are several cockade ribbon velves nows placed about on the postilion of the back and upon the long drapery overskirt that falls quite to the narrow denting of velvet surrounding the bottom of the skirt; three breadths form the drapery, which is trimmed with frish point lace embroidery laid on the edge and covering the front of the basque.

FOULARDS. Some of the dainty foulards and other India silks are made amusingly grotesque with such designs on dark grounds as comical poodles' heads in natural colors, Skye terriers, King Charles and English pugs; on others are heads of cats, monkeys, tigers or lions. These sliks form draperies and basque for plain fabrics of the same color. Black nuns' veiling and figured and checked Louisines are combined with excellent effect in the way of plastrons and side breadths either in fine pleat or shirred. Some of the newly imported Surah and other coel black tollets are trimmed with white lace. Many of the basques are accompanied with vests of white dis, satur or camels' hair cloth. White duck vests are discarded as the heaf

COTTON AND LINES.

Cinchans, percales, lawns and Chamberys take their place in the revival of quiet, cool cotten and linen fabrics and delicate neutral tints are adopted, especially gray, which is seen mostly in the pongees and alpacas. While this color is very fashionable it is by no means becoming oull styles of hair and complexions. All of these ma-Berials are artistically trimmed with the pretty Oriental and embroidered lares. Muslims are strewn with flowers, fruit or foliage like nature in color and shadings, and are made now without lining and worn with a low corset cover, the basques or polonaises being claberately covered with lace and satur riboons that trim the entire

TRAVELLING COSTUMES,

other dusters when imported are made man's cape is added; other styles are shirred back and front. The Feilele reliments is of this style. Other materials less costly for dust cleaks are in gray alpaca or light mohair or some cool glace fabric that sheds dus Travelling costumes also made of these materials and colors are preferred to cloth or silk. The accordant pleating, which can only be made with certain machinery, becomes daily more popular. The regulation kitting and pleating rarely keeps its place for any hagth of time and needs constant supervision; the accordeon pleats open and close like a fan or the instrument for which they are named, without injury-which is a profound mystery to all but the inventor.

to all but the inventor.

A pretty costanue is a combination of plain and flowered sating. The skirt is made in panels of the figured matrice. The skirt is made in panels of the figured matrice divided by accordion pleats of the plain. The bolomaise is of the flowered and draped high on one said solutions is of the flowered and draped high on one said with a knot of satia ribbon; a full plastron of piain sation is completed under the drapery of the tablier which is olded across, the front as if it covered the edge of the

HATS AND BONNETS.

Straw bennets and buts are again revived with renewed arder and the flowers upon them are exquisitely beautiful; fruit and vegetables are happily consigned to ob-livion. There is an enormous variety of fancy straws. Some of the Manila straw bonnets are trimmed with a puffing of velvet around the brim and a large bunch of wheat ears, flowers of wild varieties and grasses. The latest bonnete are much larger than those first imported.

latest bonnets are much larger than those first imported. White mustin bonnets are again seen, very simply trimmed and with mustin strings; these are amiliarly rolegated to both the young and the old by reason of their lightness and absence of ceremony.

Coaching umbrelias are no longer seen in gauge reds, blues or other viocent contrasts. The most elegant are covered with the charming glace or changeshive sike of two or several shades of warm dark colors, or in lighter hors of strong contrasts, such as biscuit, red and become, gold and rose; bronze and dark gray and red; gray and pale green or plain dark-time.

FOR CHILDREN.

FOR CHILDREN.

The costames of the little ones are especially adapted for green fields and pastures new in the way of pretty sun bonnets of rose, blue and white lawn and bonnets of trawn white muslin with sheltering brims, the quaint Mother Hubbard and a revival of the funny coal-scuttles of several decades ago. In the place of the sailor hat are hats with high crowns and broad, slightly earled brims. Thin summer shot silks are greatly used by the children from eight to fourteen, and the Dottie cape is a pretty little shoulder covering like a square your with series of ruffles and set high and singuity tull; it may be made, in lace or silk trimmed with lace or of embroidery trimmed with embroidery. The Lida, for larger girls, trimmed with embroidery. The Lida, for larger girls, made in some delicate muslin, is trimmed with lace or embroidery on the skirt, which is simply two deer flounces; the yoke, composed altogether at embroidery, is attached to a waist that is equally full both front and back; the sleeves, small bishap-shaped, full at the tey and the bottoms are completed with embroidered ends; a sash of wide Ottoman ribbon is ted about the waist and finished with a large bow and ends at the back. That pointly model is appropriate for mails, nums' veiling, binning, ginghams, percales or cambries.

Messrs, James McCreery & Co.; Belkmap, Powell & Johnson; Arnold, Constable & Co.; E. J. Demang & Co.; and Mme. Demorest, will please accept thanks for altention.

THE PAINTER OF WATER.

From The Magazine of Art.

Mr. Wyllie's present vessel is a yawl of nine tons register (17, yacht measurement), built at floutone. She is christiened Ladybird, is elegant to took upon, and by no means unsular to live in; but being of distinctly "farrin build," see is chaffed as unmerifially as the board, and possessing wonderful steering power and very light draught, she can be run ashore literally anywhere—a sort of independence absolutely mecasary to an artist, to whom point of view is everything. So erratic is the course which Mr. Wylite steers in scarch of points of view, so remote and tapparently) unapproachable the spots on which he grounds, that he has built for himself quite a brilliant reputation as a daff and incapable navigator. Kind-hearted ung commanders with an eye to business, was they sight the Ladybird I tiplessly stranded, spoutaneously offer to "take her off of them understand the skipper's refusal to accept their aid; and I believe they out by regarding him as a limite admit. In those craft for years Mr. Wyllie has cruised in many waters, under all conditions of light and weather. Thanks to them he has learnt by heart the Lower Thames and its affluents; thank to them, he Channel, its coasts on both sides, and its sands and islands, have become even as old friends; thanks to them, he has studied the Zuyder Zee, in storm and mist and sunanine, and explored nearly every canal in Holland.